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#7

AUG.03

BE BRAVE BOLD ROBOT



The Passion Fruit Players: Eric Bourne, Jennesa Datema, Dean Haakenson, Jay Howell, Scott Moore, Reginald Otto, Destiny Ross, Douglas Shackey

deanhaakenson@yahoo.com, if you feel like
commenting, contributing, commiserating, cockadoodledoing, connecting...



Resistance Is Futile!

We are MTV. You will be assimilated. We will absorb your culture and manner of dress into our collective. Then, we will create three or four bands derivative of that style and play their videos ten times a day, every day, for three and a half months. We would play them more, but we have to save some room for "The Real World." You will watch those videos and buy the T-Shirts and albums. You will like The Vines and Avril Lavigne and Obie Trice. What you want is irrelevant. Resistance is futile. We are MTV.



Tiffany, tiff, the first time I saw her I just wanted her to put that baby down anywhere so I could kiss her. She was the most beautiful thing right then. Twenty years old and flush with life. It made me think of college. She was real thin for just having a baby. I guess it was a real easy birth for the first time and this was the first day she was back out showing off the thing. I was back in Alexander's shop. I had an important question regarding a rule in his bar. But we both stopped for different reasons when she came into the gallery. I guessed she was Mexican. Not in nationality but in heritage a couple of generations back. I was wrong about that. USA all the way. She was so happy about the day. I wasn't paying so much attention to what she was saying as to her chest. I had forgotten about the reason I was upset. She was the first point of relief I had in months. Real relief not comfort that alcohol gives but relief gives. Like she gave as I watched her. Lust that is the second one. But it's more subtle than that. It's not the over powering drive to fuck inside some bodies organs. It's the calm calculating decision to have another person. The sort of calculating that I began for T. This calculating is a good thing. It changes you. It's like dusting away habits and beginning to breathe again. You clear up in your thought get focused on something beside your problems and complications and really start accomplishing. T did all of this for me. I even began to cut back on drinking. Half a bottle of the scotch and a six pack, or three pints. I was turning over a new leaf. But I'm realistic. I understand the actuality to get anywhere you not only need to convince yourself of something but you need to convince a lot of other people of that same thing as well. So I began to do just that. But I needed a plan, I needed a drink. I was hot for this girl but I wasn't smitten. The abstinence began next Monday. So that was Tuesday. Thursday. I let Alexander know I was no longer worried about anything and would be leaving. He brushed me off while still creeping out the baby in her arms. Tiff had no hair on her arms. That's a sign of character. I rushed calmly across the street and lowered myself into the comfort of the bar. No grand introductions for me. I ordered a drink but was refused. I remembered why I left in the first place. A tab was for a regular, I thought four days was regular enough but the barkeep disagreed. A small lie that Skip was in my favor for this argument was well justified. I needed a pad of paper and a pen as well.

I had the whole thing figured out, it was all about finesse. The trick to the whole thing was not to be too finessing at first. Subtlety counts for a lot in this life. People really like things like that. I had to get to know so I couldn't make any long term plans but I did make a list weighing all of the various good points and bad points about her. Obviously her looks that was good her ass and face and what not. Her clothes weren't that great but she did just have a baby, and bad attire was in my favor. The number one con was definitely the baby. It would take some doing to get attention away from it. Usually does. Happened to my wife. Ex-wife. I never did sign the paper though, so wife I guess still. They get all selfish and have no time for what's important anymore. But the baby was new so maybe Tiffany hadn't got too attached yet. Nothing clears your head and draws some focus into your life like sitting at the darkest table of the bar and making a list. So that was really it. The list wasn't much, but it didn't have to be yet. I was just getting started. I finished my drink and with my new found focus found I was hungry. I walked across the street to invite T for lunch, but it had gotten sort of late in the afternoon by that time, so dinner. Which is a hesitation to spend so much initially before any agreements have come together. Skip had closed the shop. Tiff was gone and both had gone off somewhere. I looked in the window a bit not really thinking about anything. The security guard for the theater tapped me on the shoulder asking if he could be helpful of anything. I could have asked him about

Alexander but that may have drawn his suspicion. It's always the lowers rung who are the most interested. I made a clever excuse and walked into the diner. I went for the counter, but the waitress waved me to anywhere I felt like sitting because the place was empty. It was nice going into a restaurant alone and being the only person there. It's comfortable and satisfying. My hands were shaking pretty bad when I pointed out the three egg breakfast I wanted. I made some comment about it being cold being so close to the shore and all. She paused a second not really in a condescending more like a, no in a condescending way but I did not take offense to it. She reminded me of my mother. Before her stroke when we would tell each other stories over pots of coffee. I could sit and have conversations with mother to no end. Anytime on all subjects. It was a shame she couldn't talk after that. It's good they let her go so soon after that. Wore me down not having her all there. The memories of mother ended and I was finished with my second egg and third cup of coffee. In memorie of momma. At the table was a super large jar of sugar, the kind with a little tiny flap to let the sugar pour. I can't stand the packets, paper everywhere creates a mess and I feel bad about leaving it all there for the waitress to pick it all up. I let out one of those breaths that meant it was ok to let the day go. Enough had happened. I thanked all the waitress with smiles and waves and rented a room right next door to the restaurant. I locked the door and sat on the edge of the bed. Looking at the cheap walls. No wallpaper just thick lead paint. My socks peeled off like they weren't fabric but mushy morning cereal. I raised one foot at a time in the sink scrubbing between the toes with warm hot water. I felt relaxed, unbuttoned the buttons on the sleeves of my shirt and let myself fall asleep. Falling asleep is preferred to passing out, there's less shock when you wake up, less questioning.

I didn't end up seeing her the next day. I went by the gallery a couple of times when I got bored with Dudley. Watching him sweep the sidewalks. He wasn't too good at it but he kept in one spot so long it didn't make a difference. That's sort of the American way. Work as hard as you can, doesn't matter what you accomplish just as long as your working. There's a lot of show everywhere. But the next day I saw her. The really good ones have this ability, they just are and it kills every good idea you think you've ever had. Which is what happened. She trapped me in hello and I recognized I hadn't had a good idea my entire life. But this is where the LUST comes in. Lust doesn't just make you want to have something. No, that something has to want you more. It has to become you and you have to become it. Otherwise there's a dissatisfaction that starts screaming and wont let up for nothing. So the screaming kinda took over. A quiet screaming, more polite than angry screaming. The particulars about Tiffany went a little something like this. She was born here in '63 and lived the good life embracing disco and avoiding drugs. She's a flirt, but only with her hands. It's disgusting when a woman uses her whole body to flirt with you. There's no self-respect in that. The majority of her life was spent in school of which third, no fourth was her favorite because her teacher took a particular interest in her. She mentioned snow cones with double flavors fated to melt into candy flavor by the time she reached the bottom. She liked school so much she volunteered at her old school after graduating and during her high school days, though she never wanted to actually become a teacher herself. She had nothing to say about the father of her baby. Which is uncomfortable for me. I don't know why but I want to know. It makes her shut down from conversation when brought up so after the fifth time I stopped, but left it open for her to tell me if she ever wanted to. She didn't come by the gallery everyday so I tried to

make the conversations we did have important. I wrote everything down in my note pad, which had become four yellow pages folded up to fit in my back pocket. Every bit of the information she shared to me I put down. It started getting jumbled because my organizational methods changed to comply with the differing amounts of categories. I knew my way around it however. She likes pickles alone or as a side, but not when she was pregnant. One of two things she couldn't eat tomatoes are the other. This is a lot of information, but I got this over two weeks, so I was still keeping my cool about everything and to my surprise I was following close to my original plan. It was all going to work out perfectly. It had to. The feeling I had about it was too good.

The first nice conversation I had with her was the first time she came out with the baby. Her nails were painted red, purple, purple. 'What happened to it?' 'Nothing happened to her, I just needed an hour to myself that's all.' 'Oh, I done that before.' 'You got kids?' 'Yeah. Three. But I worked all the time and they were asleep when I got home so I never got annoyed with them or anything.' 'You got three kids. What are their names?' 'Uh, ok, Josh that's the littlest one.' 'How old?' 'Six, seven months.' 'Uh, huh.' 'Alexandria, she's three. Hey Alexander I got a kid named Alexandria, ain't that something I forgot about that.' 'About your kid?' she asked. 'No, just her name.' She laughed and looked right at me so I laughed back and tried to put my hand on the wall, near. 'And the third was seven, and he is named after me Christopher jr.' I sort of got lost in time there when I said his name. Just his name is incredible to me. 'You miss 'em all?' 'Hmmm. I don't really have a choice. They're a responsibility.' 'I bet you can't wait to get back to see 'em when your business trip is over.' This caught me off guard but a sure fire way to loose your bluff is to ask questions before you give a statement. So I was careful. 'I sure do. Yep. that'll be good then to see them again soon.' I miss mine and I have only been gone twenty minutes.' 'Alright then.' 'Yeah, she did the most darling thing, this morning when I went to feed her. She clapped her hands together twice every time I got near her face.' 'Why'd you keep getting near her face?' 'She wasn't afraid.' 'That makes sense. You're her mom and all.' She laughed again, this was going well. 'Hey T, how did you know I was going on a business trip, here I mean, that I was on one here?' 'Well you are always in nice slacks and that shirt. What do you do Christopher?' 'Realty. I use to sell buildings for my company.' 'It's your own company.' 'No I just work for them. Part of a team going for the same goal.' 'So what are you looking at around here?' This was Alexander now who I didn't know was listening in. This could get complicated quickly if I don't watch myself. 'Uh, the buildings, little stores being built down the street.' 'That's sort of a small thing compared to buildings in the city.' 'Oh, you're working with Edward on those. That's good he's been sitting on those quite a while. Gets real frustrated with them especially since Dudley started pitching camp there.' Did I mention his beard was red? 'How long has Dudley been there?' 'Some months at least. Well we know about him sleeping there since April, middle of May. So that's all through this summer then. I saw you out there with him the other day did you get through to him at all?' 'About what?' 'He's sleeping in a shed in the middle of a field. He sweeps all day for alcohol money. Did you know about his wife?' 'He told me she kicked him out.' 'And then she died. In the Spring she died. His daughter is living in that house now. Old friends tried to talk to him about it but couldn't get through. She was in the hospital and he never visited her, said she had kicked him out, didn't want to come inside so he was going to stay outside. I don't even know if he's aware she's gone. His daughter is living there

now.' 'No he never mentioned that.' Tiffany sort of interrupted, 'Sorry guys but I have to get back to her. I'll see you tomorrow Skip.' I waved off to her and Skip, looking at the art on the wall for the first time. Seeing it for the first time, I noticed it before. I found myself in the bar when I meant to go find Dudley. I wrote down some things, my kids names. Landscapes. I penned over and over that a lot. I was back at my table staring across the room but not seeing anything.

I had a bit more to drink that night than I thought. I woke up a couple of blocks away in some sandy patches the next morning. I attributed a pain in my eye to sleeping outside until I saw in the mirror of my hotel room it was blackened. Too many questions for just waking up. I'd find a couple more on my side later in the day. Too many questions for just waking up.

The problem with sobering up too quickly is that there is just too much time in the day. You can't deal with it all at once. Especially if you don't have a job. Not that a job helps. It doesn't but the least you can do is arrange some papers or something. That was the problem. I didn't really have that much to do except for waiting for Tiffany. But that was going to change. I needed to get back a little more thought. I needed to think in the bar for a bit. The best place to think is at someone else's dinner table. The bigger the better. It doesn't matter if it is full or not. Ideas just come everywhere. It's nice really. I didn't have that but I did have the bar. Which for the kind of operation I was in would do better if not just as well. I was not contemplating so I did not take my table but sat right on the center stool. The best stool. I gave the bar tender a smile. 'Still got all your teeth eh.' I retracted the smile. 'What are you talking about.' I said. 'Normally a person don't pick a fight with four guys and come back the next day smiling. They must have let you go easy. You didn't walk in here funny at all.' A sarcastic laughter is the greatest weapon against a stupidity known to man. But I didn't get to that because just as I prepared my laughter the opened door allowed four men to enter the bar. These could be the same four that enjoyed the topic of conversation. Being a friendly bunch and seeing me alone they gathered around me. Crowded maybe. One to the right, two on the left and one kept his stance behind me. Ready to scratch my back at anytime if needed. 'You got a thick fucking skull.' 'Gentlemen.' I replied. You would think that silence in this situation would be a good thing to quell the intensity a bit, but that just gives them time to think about just how they want to make you scream. 'I can assure you that what ever I said last night was done in the most distorted of states. I can't remember anything to tell' The one on my left was coming in for a kiss, but I didn't know him so I closed my mouth. I

Cont. next issue

Lies I Have Told My Children

1. Of course I love you as much as your more intelligent and attractive sibling.
2. Though I love you as though you were a product of my own loins, I did not contribute any of my genetic material to your creation. That honor belongs to the man who is always standing at the freeway entrance with the "Why Lie? I need a beer" sign. Look into his milky, wanting eyes and know your origins.
3. In the next installment of the Star Wars series, Anakin Skywalker will be played by Don Rickles. Moreover, his adventure will take him to the moon of Endor where he will fall head over heels for an Ewok named Mugawa. The demonseed that they spawn from their torrid interspecial lovemaking will be none other than the much beloved and hirsute Chewie of first trilogy fame.
4. Just between you and me, you're my favorite. Don't tell your brother or sister though. (Repeat as necessary)
5. This is the best lemonade I've ever tasted. It makes Countrytime taste like ass. Whose idea was it to substitute salt for sugar?
6. You were the best townspeople in the whole damn play. You did a much better job than the flitty kid playing Jesus.
7. That's a good question. Those bumps in the middle of the road are so that blind people can drive.
8. The Teletubbies were created when four Indian midgets were caught trying to immigrate into the U.K. Prime Minister Blair issued an ultimatum: either the four of you swarthy fingerlings don brightly colored fat suits and repeat nonsensical phrases and actions like you're suffering from Tourette's, or I'll ship you back to Bombay to be executed in whatever barbaric manner they see fit in that backasswards country.
9. President Bush has cameras and spies everywhere, including your bedrooms and classrooms. Every time you disobey me behind my back, he calls. If he calls me three times, you'll be exiled to the third world country of my choosing. Perhaps India.

open mics (all beginning at 20:00)

Mon.

The Blue Lamp (Alhambra & N)
The Fox and Goose (10th, between S & R)

Tues.

The 24K Cafe, prev. Cafe Mexicas, Cafe Paris
next to Rick's Desert (24th and K)
The True Love Coffeehouse (24th and J)

Investment Fraud? Suspicious Securities?
Problems with a Mortgage Loan Company?
Call Dean Haakenson (916) 322-6055

Wed.

Old Ironsides (10 & S)
The Distillery (21 & L) * 22:00 start

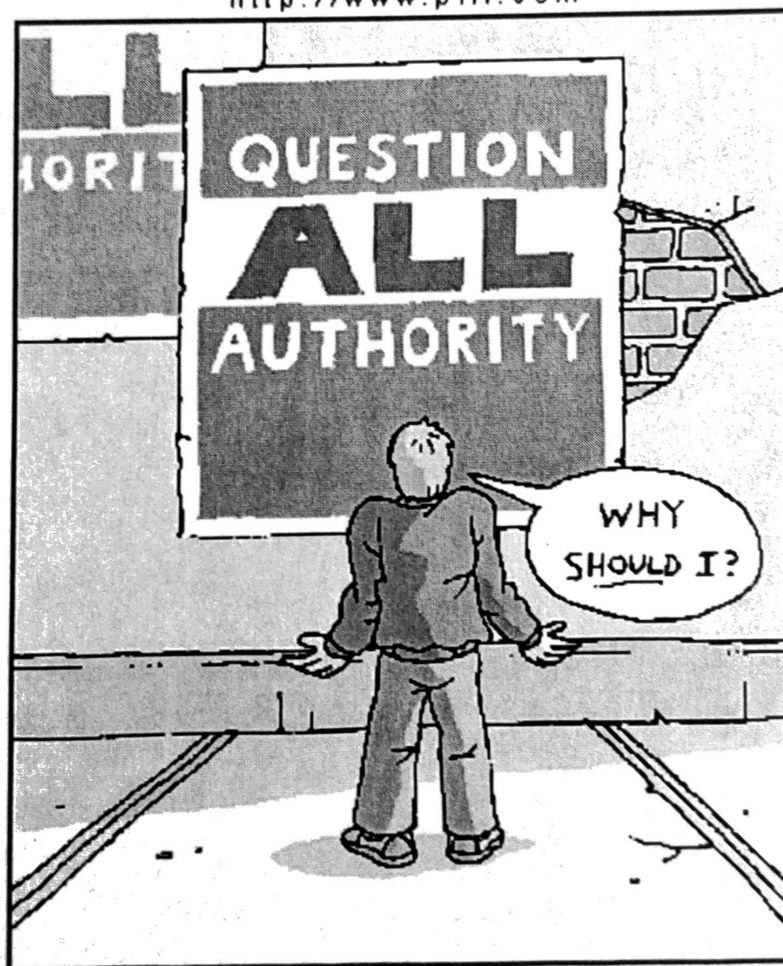
waxing An adjective that means "increasing," as in the "waxing crescent Moon" or the "waxing gibbous Moon."

waning An adjective that means "decreasing," as in the "waning crescent Moon" or the "waning gibbous Moon."

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



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Your ability to find the silly in the
serious will take you far!
Lucky Numbers 7, 14, 17, 27, 34, 39

Sunset Lanes

Jesus went to Sunset Lanes
Wore sandals and
Bowled a 300
Or
Jesus went to Sunset Lanes
Rented shoes and
Bowled a 127

Slid Slowly a Hand

Slowly a hand slid down my arm
From my shoulder to my hand slid slowly
A hand, flesh upon flesh, a fingertip against
My warm skin, and another and another and
All touching and moving
From my shoulder to my hand slid slowly
A hand

Not a Sexy Grrr

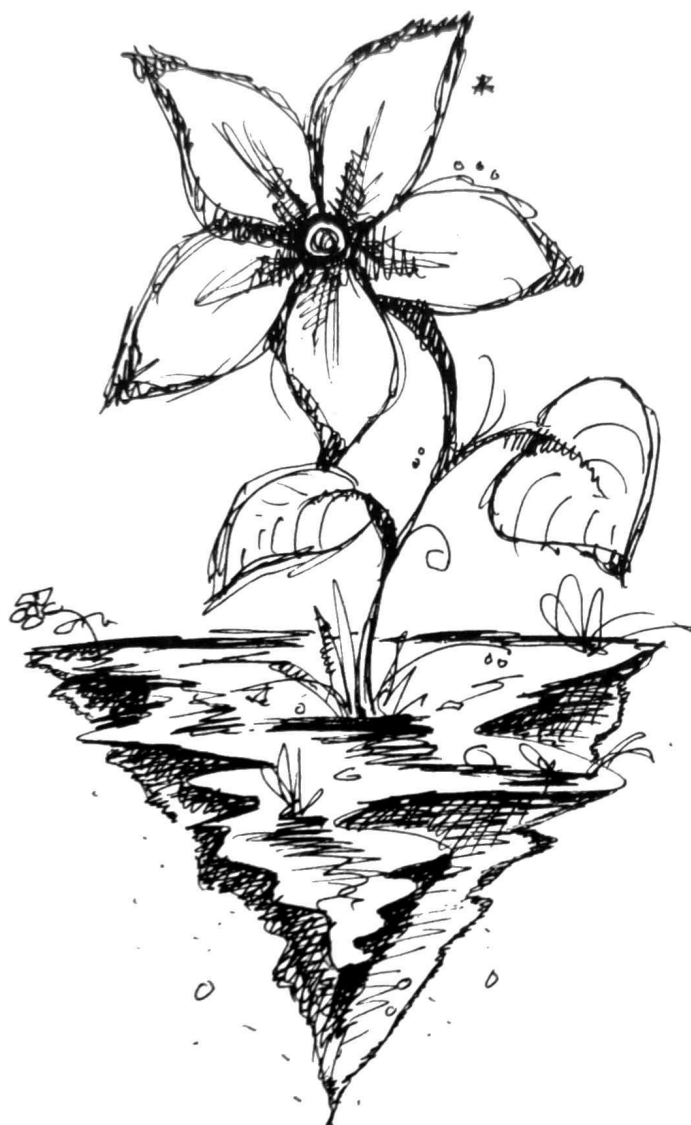
Grrr.
And that's not a sexy grrr either.
It's a GRRR grrr.
Grrr.

My Baggage

I lug it 'round w'ever I go.

Tuesday, Tuesday, Tuesday

Sunday heavy with God stuff
Monday in bed with the ticker screaming bloody murder
Tuesday being (bless its heart)
Wednesday fat sitting in the middle
Thursday leering at tomorrow
Friday jittery with anticipation
Saturday fuzzed with last night's improprieties
.. and I feel bad about it all on Sunday
.. and I'm still dealing with it Monday, damp damn Monday
.. and I find Tuesday oddly poetic
..... so I stick it in a poem (Tuesday, Tuesday, Tuesday)
.. and Wednesday is all about revision, but I'm lazy
.. and Thursday is already
Friday in my mind
and Saturday is utterly useless
.. and I try to finish on
Sunday heavy with God Stuff



I Dream of Jesus

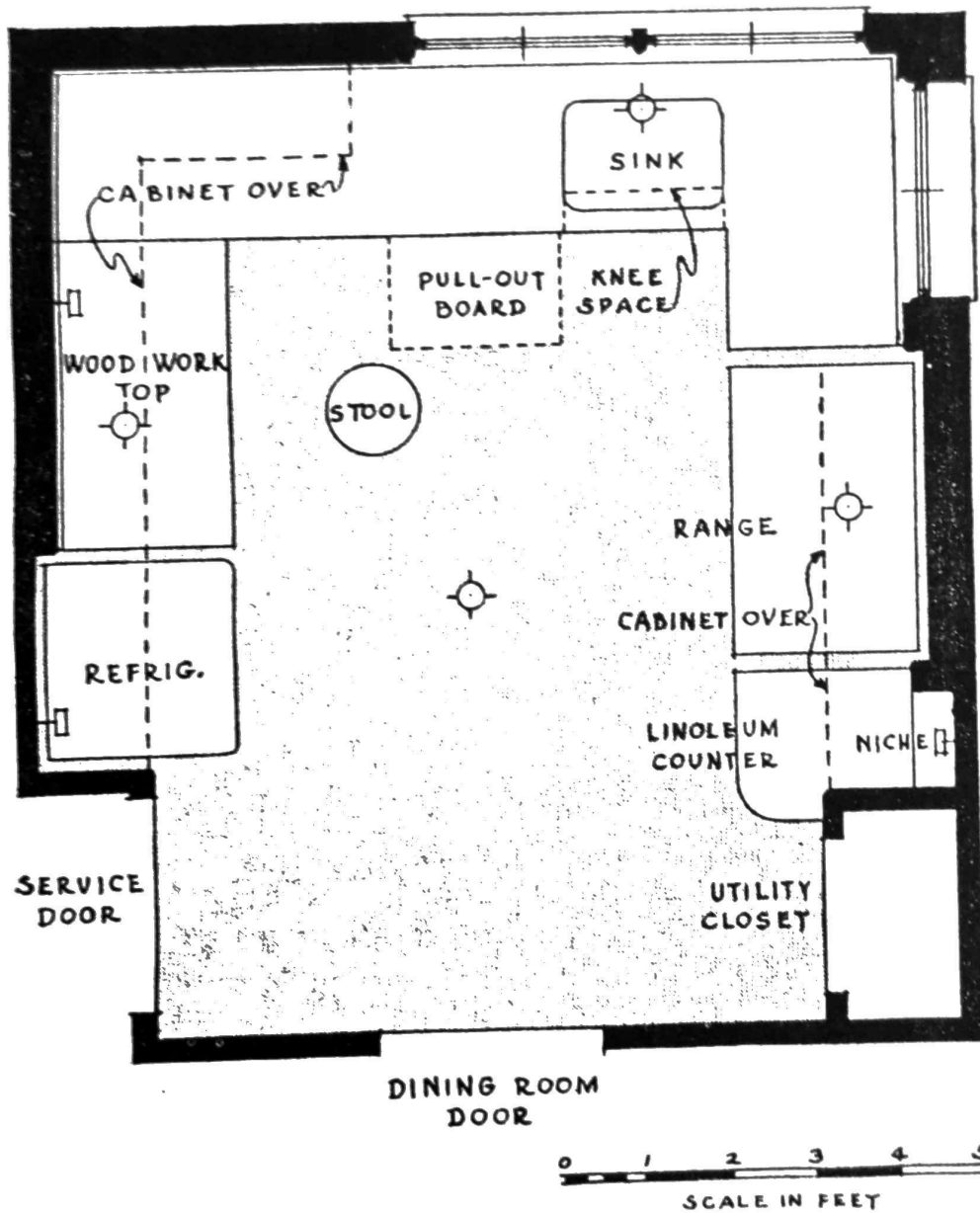
Jesus tried to forgive him for his graven sin. However, this sin was ultimately too great to wash away with merely the stroke of a pen or the wave of a hand, no matter how mighty that hand may be.

Jesus then spoke, "Well, ya son of a bitch, yer really in it this time. This one's really gonna cost you." The man placed 1,2,3,4,5 \$100 bills into Jesus' palm. Jesus' palm did not clutch the bills and they fell like feathers to the floor. The man placed a fine golden ring upon Jesus' finger. The ring fell down to the ground like the mere trinket that it was. The man got down on his knees and begged for forgiveness. Jesus' face did not so much as blink.

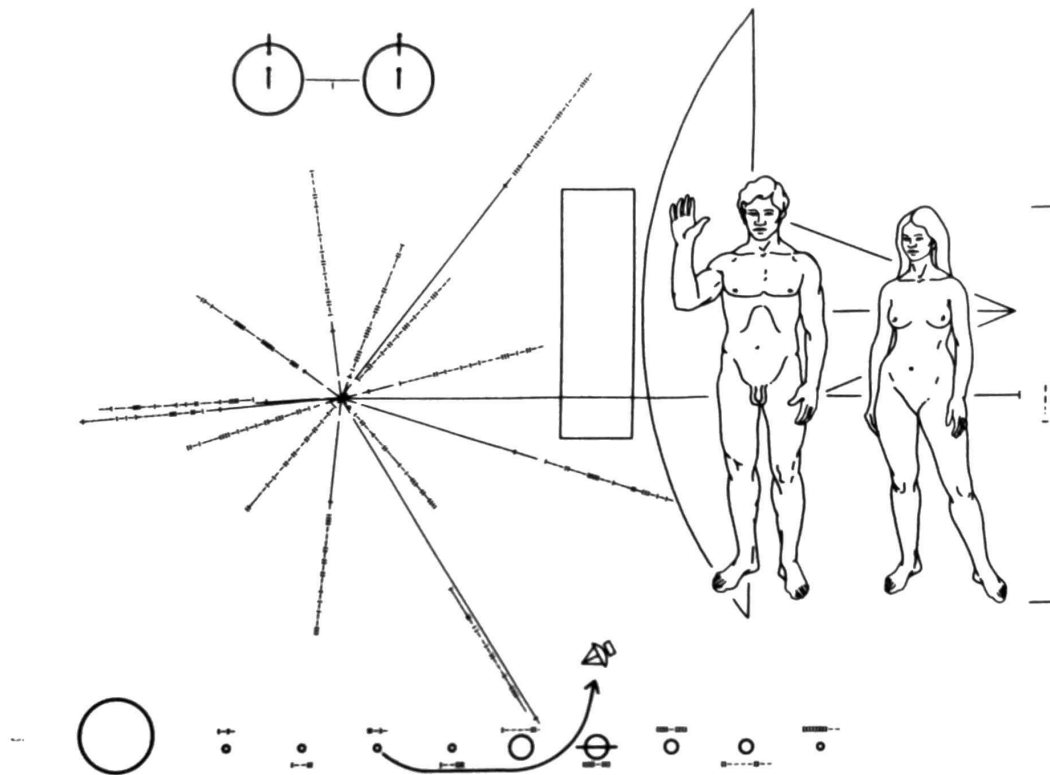
Finally, in desperation, the man shouted, "What do you want me to do, suck your dick?"

A faint smile rose upon Jesus' face as he pulled his long flowing robe up past his stomach and said, "If I had a nickel for every head that's been under this robe, I'd have enough money to buy a professional sports franchise by now!"

umbra The central, completely dark portion of a shadow.



twinkling The apparent change in a star's brightness, position, or color due to the motion of gases in the Earth's atmosphere.



What Would Cavemen Do?

- Cavemen would not exist in more than one world for an extended period of time.
- Cavemen would live simply, take what they needed and no more. Probably not so much because they understood that excessive draining of the natural resources at their disposal would render these resources increasingly barren and eventually, catastrophically useless. No. They probably just had a hard enough time gathering together what they needed. "Yo Bam Bam. I'm full. Let's go kiss the wishing stone and see how the old Dude in the volcano is doing..."
- The caveman would listen to his body, and along those lines, would not let his physiological instincts go unattended....ie. an engorged penis would mandatorily accompany, or be accompanied by, a crazed smile and hungry eyes.
- Despite his diminished brain size, the caveman would ensure that his offspring had a fighting chance in the world.
- Cavemen would shut the fuck up while they are thinking.
- Cavemen would shut the fuck up while they are listening. Granted, oftentimes, it would be out of fear of being eaten alive....for one really never knows.
- The Caveman would know when he was safe.
- The Caveman would probably do about the same things as Jesus would do, but only without all the Dogma.

When first it woke, the Earth decided that it would spin. You know, shake the sleep off. She began to spin in the direction she felt most natural. To the East and then towards the West. She saw the moon and sun shining bright all around her. She wanted to have them surround her at all times. The Earth approached the brilliant Sun, "Excuse me Sun, but I was wondering if you were in need of a home...a place to stay. you would have a loyal servant in me, and I spoke with the moon and he said he would follow me anywhere (whisper) I think he is a little bit infatuated..."

"Tell you what Mother Earth. I will think about it. why don't you go and spin, say...six times, and then come back to me. I will have an answer for you then..."

Six days later when Mother Earth returned to the Sun, she sought his infinite wisdom in a matter rather important. In order for her to survive, Mother Earth became dependent on the Sun for warmth. But the Moon felt excluded, he wanted to be a part of this relationship too. His love for Mother Earth began to take over his life. He began to wax and wane for her...

"Why? What must I do for the moon to be happy in the knowledge that I cannot take a lover?"

"you can do nothing" boomed the Sun, "the moon will love who he will. you can only admire a thing such as that....He needs you, thus making his existence a necessary part of yours..."

"what the fu...I don't quite get it Master."

"Some things never go away"

So, the moon went on adoring the Earth that it revolved around, and although never took advantage or became overbearing in his dealings with her. He would justify his love in small gestures. He would make the ocean lap at Mother Earth's protruding crusts all day, and, twice a day, slowly watch the water ooze over this forbidden fruit to him. At night he cried, the moon, which proved terrible for his complexion...but he could not...Would not...deny his love for all he ever adored. This adoration will continue for eternity. Alas, The "come here, go away" notions of being in love did not escape the supreme creators of the heavens, and, in time, it was passed down to humans on Earth...

4.5 Billion years later...

Danny was masturbating. It wasn't something he had planned. It was late, he was alone (as usual), and he had an erection. It was something he didn't give much thought to. Long ago had he cast away the notion that he could actually go out and find some "prey" to coerce into having sex with him. He had decided that this was just more trouble than it was worth. There was more love in his masturbation than in any one night stands such as these....

Juliet was drinking by herself. alone. at last. Her roommate was gone for the evening and she was horny. There would be no stopping her from rubbing one out. She heard a disturbance from her neighbor Danny who lived upstairs. She thought she had better go check and make sure he was okay, she knocked on the door and paused, no one answered so she walked right in. As she turned the corner into his living room...

Joseph was preparing to kill himself. He was awoken just moments ago by his next door neighbor Danny (literally a wall between them) who was moaning and making some sort of knocking sound. Joseph hated Danny. Joseph hated everybody...which would have been fairly normal had he had any love for himself. But, alas, Joseph felt that every fiber of his being was a waste and not worth loving. He had just been dumped by none other than his neighbor, Juliet. He was dumped badly. He had given all of his love to her and she, after only months, had told him, coldly and callously, to "go away, you disgust me". So, you can imagine how hard it was to live next to someone who could so easily crush your soul, and did. Joseph decided that he would shoot himself....

As Joseph went to grab his gun from under his pillow, he heard her voice. In the next room. Could it be. Juliet was fucking Danny. He knew it. This was it. He was going to stand up for himself this time. He walked swiftly out of the door and right into Danny's apartment. To his amazement, Danny was standing with his pants down around his ankles, a porno playing on the DVD, and Juliet standing there with her hand on her mouth. Joseph was shocked, yet confused by the scene....

"you hear that?"

"hmmm?.." said the wife, Margaret, half asleep.

"that noise....those fucking kids!.....arggg." The Husband, Bill to his friends, pulled his pillow over his head, in the dark, and tried to not listen to the commotion going on in the three other small apartments around him. Ever since Bill had lost his retirement money to some risky investments, he has felt his happiness slip away bit by bit...slowly, but surely. He felt he was close to Rock Bottom. In a small studio apartment with three punk kids as neighbors, Bill suspected it could not get much worse.

"Go back to sleep baby...their not being that loud..."

"mmmm mmmmm" muffled mumbled bill. eventually he dosed back off to sleep.

At 4 a.m Geoff had awoken to sounds of shouting, moaning and muffled snoring. He had lived in the neighborhood for only 6 months. He was already looking for a one bedroom on the East side of town. Where the bums weren't allowed and dogs were followed by their owners holding plastic bags full of warm dog shit. Things had changed drastically since him and Arthur went their own ways. All at once, Geoff felt lonelier than he had ever thought possible. Emotionally Speaking, He had hit Rock Bottom...down to the seeds and stems. He began to cry. It helped.

"What the Fuck is this?!"

"What the fuck is that, Joe?!", exclaimed Juliet, pointing at the gun.

"Why don't you both get the fuck out of here!!" yelled Danny, almost in tears from embarrassment. Little did he know that Juliet was turned on by the whole thing, and Joseph was so preoccupied with himself and his thoughts of Juliet, that neither of them, at that moment, really noticed that he was even there. Silence. nothing but Porno funk could be heard.

The loud blast rang through out the neighborhood. Geoff stopped crying, Danny sat holding his cock, Juliet stood with her mouth open wide and Joe was bouncing up and down, grabbing his left foot. Blood pumped from it, cum dripped from the ceiling, and tears floated upon Geoff's hardwood floors.

"ow." said Joe

Juliet and Danny laughed. Juliet wouldn't have laughed so much had she known that the bullet, after clearing the tip of Joe's shoe and second to smallest toe, went through Danny's floor and right through the head of Juliet's little innocent goldfish, Mortimer. Casualties of a whor. well.....

They continued laughing. Bill and Margaret, the husband and Wife, were, of course, wide awake, and looking at the wall opposite the bed in a very frightened way. Bill grabbed the phone and dialed 911.

"911" said the lady on the other end.

"yes, I just heard a gunshot hear at my apartment. There are three other tenants (let us recap, Juliet, Joe, and Danny....I feel a song coming on...), and I think the shot came from one of their apartments."

"ok Sir. just stay where you are. Hide behind something, if you can. I am dispatching some police to your house right now. Did you see any strange individuals in the vicinity or anything like that?"

"No....No I didn't."

"OK. just hang tight, and don't be alarmed...but try to keep quiet"

"OK. bye"

"What?!" begged Margaret of Bill.

"We should just stay here and try to keep quiet. In case it's a killer or something. It's OK honey. let's get on the floor over here, behind the bed..."

As Marge and Bill lay panicked next to the bed, Geoff crawled on all fours up to his window that looked into the courtyard. Making sure the coast was clear, he ran over to Bill and Marge's house. After repeatedly knocking softly, Geoff was sure they had finally killed one another. He went to find Juliet and make sure she was safe and sound in her apartment. She didn't come to the door. What in the hell was going on? Did someone come and massacre all of his neighbors?

"Why did they not kill me. Out of everyone, it is I who am miserable."

Just then, Geoff heard laughing, from the window above Juliet's. It was that horrible straight guy Danny. That creep, Geoff thought.

"Hello?!" sputtered Geoff, not knowing whether to be angry or scared, or happy, or what. The whole moment was seeming very surreal.

"Hello" yelled a male voice amidst the laughter. "Fuuuuuck!" yelled the same voice.

Juliet came to Danny's window and saw Geoff there. "Hey Geoff. Don't worry about that gunshot. Joe accidentally shot himself in the foot. dumbass.....you OK?"

"No, not really" sighed Geoff. "I was really freaked out there for a second."

"I thought we had entered a Stephen King novel," said Geoff. They could hear the ambulance sirens wailing through the night air. Joe limped outside the front door and breathlessly said hello to Geoff. Bill and Marge climbed out behind the couch and peered out their front door. Joe was followed by Juliet and Danny. As the six neighbors slumped to the ground laughing while crying, an eerie pop song seemed to fill the heavens, 90210 Friends style, and they suddenly realized how much they depended on one another in a dysfunctional yet friendly way....

Freeze frame. Roll credits. Cue television advertisement. Cut credits off halfway because this is another fucking re-run ("I want to see something new dammit!). Run commercial.



traffic is backed up in both directions



for people of all ages

CHEESE PUFFS

12 slices bread ($\frac{1}{3}$ inch thick)
4 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound cheese, grated
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
1 egg, separated

Cut 2-inch rounds from bread and toast lightly on one side. Butter untoasted side. Mix cheese, baking powder and beaten egg yolk, then fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Spread thickly over buttered side of bread and place on cookie sheet. Place under preheated broiler until puffed and light brown. Makes 12 puffs.

B and T

Number of Players: 3-30

Length of Time: 10-25 minutes

Materials: Paper for each player
Pencil for each player

Object of the Game: To write down the most objects.

To Play:

Each player is given paper and pencil. The players are given three minutes to write down as many objects in the room as they can that start with B or T. The player with the longest list wins.

Variation:

The game can be repeated with other letters.

Comments:

The players should not know what the letters are until just before they begin.

Purpose or Benefit

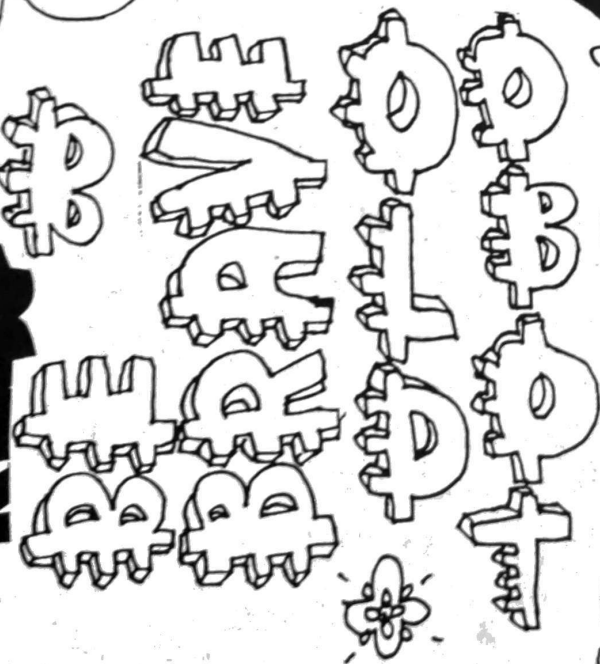
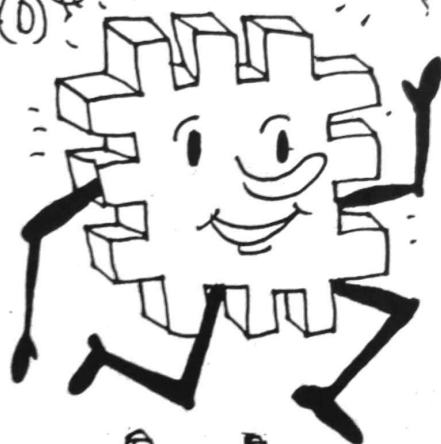
"B and T" is relaxing, yet challenging.



BE BRAVE BOLD ROBOT



BEST ZINE
EVER. →



psst. = it and paste and glue to your mommy's car.